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BY L. D. STARKE.

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POETRY.

THE SABBATH.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Whispers the brook, and blown the gale,
Under halts the quiet mill;
Whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
Are motionless and still!

Days of toil, poor child of Cain,
By strength the slave of Want may lie,
Six days thy limbs escape the chain—
God hath made thee free!

Under the law that gave
His body to thy breast;
To the gale, to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest!

Where the waves the gentlest glide,
The image charms the listless eye;
The white sails of the tide,
Rise due to the skies.

And the soul its nobler worth,
Is not from mortal toil given;
The brief reprieve from earth—
And pass—a guest to heaven.

And there, in their dreaming school,
From old dominion banished,
Rich and poor, with justice rule,
All share the altar-world!

Since time itself began,
Fate hath built and faded the hour;
Age that ripens power in man,
And subjects man to power.

One day in seven, at least,
The bright republic shall be known;
The world awhile shall surely cease,
And God proclaim his own!

So may rest, divide the poor,
From the banquet hall;
The Father open the door,
And bid his gifts for all!

MISCELLANEOUS.

DESTINIES.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY ELIZA A. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

was before the low, red, elm-shaded
school-house—such an one as we
see in every quiet country town, the
spot where great men are reared—
a group of children had gathered—
in heads, white heads, and black heads,
checked, pretty children were they,
merrily chatting, magpie-like of the

I am going to be a rich man, and live
in a city, as uncle Willie does," said
Rupert Gordon, a handsome, black-eyed
boy of some twelve summers, "and have
here for my wife—just I Lizzy?"

continued, heedless of the merry laugh
that followed his remarks, "and I am
going to be a sea-captain, and own a great
ship like the *Louisa*," said another.

And another, a slender, little limbed
boy with an eye like an eagle's, planting
feet with a resolute firmness on the
ground, "and I will study to be a lawyer,"
said Allan Southard.

And a doctor?" chimed in Charley
West.

But what do the girls say?" said Wal-
ter Graham, "ain't you going to be some-
thing, Lizzy?"

"Yes, I will live in the city with you,"
said Lizzy, "and I will learn to sing like Jenny
Bella Graham; the linnet
little company."

"I will learn to write pretty stories,"
said another.

"And I will be a lady, and play on the
piano," said another.

"You don't come Horstense," said Allen,
"slight, graceful form appeared thro'
gate."

"What are you going to be?" rung from
a lip, as the young girl passed into
the midst.

"A queen," she answered proudly,
"being around the group, with a look of
ness in her great, wild black eyes;
and you shall be my page," she added, to
eagle-eyed boy, who had come close to
side, and was even then twining her
curls about his finger.

"Horstense a queen, and Rupert her page!"
said the gay band of happy ones; and
clapping their hands, shouted,
"Long live the Queen Horstense!"

The young girl, over whose head no
more than ten summers had flown, was
not almost a woman, in manner, in
heart, and in heart. Fatherless, mother-
less, but not friendless, five years before
had come from a far country, and made
her home in a quiet, rural Northwood. Gift-
ed with a beauty, so wild, so brilliant,
it started as well as pleased. Hor-
stense Hamilton had grown up thus far the
pet and pet of all the villagers; beloved
for her high nobleness of charac-
ter and firm, proud heart; by others, for
gentleness, at times, and her exceed-
ing beauty.

To Rupert Gordon, she was a pure,
glowing angel; all around him, though a

child, she had thrown her magical spell,
wiles and webs, from which he wished not,
sought not to flee.

When angry and harsh, burning words
were on his boyish lips, the light of pas-
sion in his dark hazel eye, one look from
Horstense, one whisper, would quell in an
instant the rebellious spirit; and the re-
warding smile for his forbearance, shrouded
with sunlight once more the clouds that
hung above his way.

"Long live Queen Horstense!" died away
for the third time, and the happy children,
one by one, were sauntering toward the
school room, as a travelling carriage passed
slowly by. All stopped to gaze but Hor-
stense, who walked away alone toward the
river's bank, that wound its shining way
between long rows of bending willows;
and there on the mossy ledges, the young
girl, who had so strangely wished to wear
the crown, sat down, and gazed dreamily
at the circling water. Sad, wild, unutter-
able thoughts were in her heart—thoughts
that wearied her brain with their intensity,
and made the fair white temples throb
painfully; perhaps she was thinking of
coming destiny, and of her young merry
companions at school.

A loud cry of agony, a confused rust-
ling of the willow boughs, a heavy splash
of some body in the river, startled her
from her reverie, and hastily springing to
her feet, she caught sight of the sinking
form and pale face of Rupert Gordon, far
beneath her in the rushing waters. With
no outward sign of fear; but a face col-
orless as marble, Horstense called loudly to
some laborers a few rods distant, for help,
and then hurried down the ledge to the
river's brink.

She tried to catch a glimpse of the
drowning boy, almost shrieking his name,
till the echoes mocked her agony.

Men came, and soon brought the corpse
of the dead child to the school house; but
Horstense did not follow; she stood by the
water, and on the mossy ledge, fearless,
only once a sob convulsed her frame, as if
it would rend the frail chords of her young
spirit apart by its fearfulness.

This was her first sorrow, the first with-
ering of her wayside flowers, and the first
coming of death to her side, she had never
known.

And how different had been the short
career of Rupert Gordon from that which he
had in dreams marked out—that which he had
vainly said should be passed on the track-
less ocean, the element he loved with the
child's ardent devotion, but which had so
soon taken him to its deadly embrace.—
How this thought thrilled to the hearts of
each playmate, each companion of the hap-
py boy? "I will be a great sea-captain,"
and a dream of something terrible lurked
in their young hearts, as though their des-
tinies, also might be to go as suddenly as he.

A week passed on, and in the green
sunny-land, where the steep shadows
fell slantingly, a small grave was hollowed,
and little children came with flowers
and song to give one of their number to
the silent keeping of Mother Earth.—
Horstense Hamilton was there, and her
large, passionate eyes never wandered
away from the coffin, but with a fixed un-
winking stare, rested sadly on the last of
her youthful love. Yes, lover; and who
would doubt some hearts learn to love even
while the light of childhood circles them
in all its fullness.

Another day, and she came to say "good-
bye" to the old school house, the merry
group of happy children, and the scenes
never again to greet her longing vision.
An intimate friend of her father's had
come to take her away, and in future "the
home of Horstense Hamilton," so they said
"would be among the glories and beauties
of merry England."

There was a dimness as of tears un-
shed, in her dark eye, as it wandered
towards the vacant seat of Rupert, and he
will never know the pain of parting, fell
unconsciously from her lips. Then she
threw her arms lovingly about the shaggy
trunk of the great elm tree by the porch,
and laid her head, "with its wealth of
raven hair against it, as if the long trail-
ling boughs and bending branches, as they
swayed caressingly over her, had instinct
to know and feel her impulsive embrace.

All about the familiar grounds she went,
slowly and sadly, followed by her young
playmates, till, turning toward the river's
side, they knew by the quiet, impatient
glances, and waving of her hand, she
wished to go alone.

Long while she sat on the shore, gazing
at the bright, circling waves, beneath
whose deceitful surface half her heart was
buried, and seething tears fell on her lap,
which she sought not to brush away; but
by and by the old proud look returned,
her lip curled scornfully, and a light, half
of passion, half of sorrow, gleamed from
her eyes.

"A queen," she murmured, "and why
should I not be one? They say my moth-
er was a title, and came from a long
line of princes; shall I not, like her, be
noble and great? To-day, Allen South-
ard spoke lightly of the Italians and called
the organ woman an 'ugly black amoer.'
They did not know my veins were filled
with the blood of that nation they hate."

The small white hand of the girl clenched
convulsively together; and a strange
look was on her high brow, as through the
drooping foliage she saw the children at
their sports, but it passed away, and when
back she trod the olden path, a happy,
sunny smile was over all her face.

When next the sun set, and purple
clouds were piled above his couch of gold,
Horstense Hamilton watches him sinking
down, down on a world of waters, and she
stood on the deck of a noble vessel. Al-
ready the great future of her untold desti-
ny, was slowly unfolding whether for good
or evil, we shall hereafter know.

CHAPTER II.

Fifteen long changing years have flown
by, years fraught of joy and sorrow, and
now we will glance once again at the quiet
rural spot where we have been before
roaming, calm, beautiful Northwood. Oh

how unlike those wild, boyish dreams, has
been thus far the destiny of that band of
children whom we first saw at that old
school-house. Some have gone down to
the sea in ships, some have wandered
away to the westward, even beyond the
rocky mountains, and others have wrapped
the drapery of the tomb about them
and laid down to a dreamless sleep.

Lizzy, the quondam bride of Walter
Graham, who craved the overflowing cof-
fers and gorgeous dwelling of a rich man,
went to her home in Heaven long ago,
and the noble, handsome boy, now a man
of seven and twenty summers, with a fair
haired bride lives happily among the
woodlands and green meadows of his na-
tive place, careless of the wealth he once
thought to make the object of a lifetime.

Allen Southard and Charley Hilton,
the one a mechanic, the other a farmer,
have long since forgotten their boyhood
dreams and all the rest are scattered, South
and West.

Beneath the burning sky of a tropical
clime, and under the widespread branches
of the lofty palm, stood a snow white tent,
and at its door, a tall sylph like form,
leaning against the frame work.

Beauty? And who that has seen the
beautiful could fail to see it there? Who
could look into the magical depths of those
large glorious eyes and not shudder at their
deep expression?

There is light on the white brow, but
it is troubled, and a faint rose hue at times
on the rounded cheek, but it fades even at
the fluttering of a single leaf. That face
and form, we have seen before.

Close beside the door and at the feet of
the watcher crouched a pet tiger, over
whose spotted head the small hand of its
mistress wandered caressingly and caressing-
ly. Its great paws rested on one sandalled
foot of the girl, and ever and anon its
bright red tongue, glanced gleamingly over
the flesh.

"Down Sultana," murmured the mistress
in a low mellow tone as the animal mut-
tered a sharp growl. "Down, 'tis your
master's step," and a moment after the tall
commanding form of a military officer
came into view from behind the palms.

"There was a cloud on the handsome face
of the new comer, as his cool black eyes
rested on the figure of the lady at his tent.
Matchless as it was in the abandonment of
attire and position, a cloud that faded not
in her welcome.

With a curl on her lip, she laid her
hand on his arm, and gazed steadily in
his face. "Horstense," came from between
his teeth, and this was Horstense Hamil-
ton. From the gay circles of wealth and
fashion, she had chosen her idol, and at
his feet laid all her treasures of love, inno-
cence and purity. Proud, handsome and
reckless, Colonel Melville, had for a season
gloried in the possession of a being so
fearlessly lovely, so queenly and regal,
and beneath the burning skies of India,
she had followed him, sharing his soldier
life. We cannot know how swiftly the
lava-tide of remorse was consuming her
heart's very life, and how her secret soul
shuddered with horror at its own guilt and
pollution, but the time of repentance with
her, came and went by. She laid her very
soul upon the altar of her Love, and found
but when in vain, the whole was ashes—

"Horstense?" she went back to her
accustomed place on his knee, laying her
head with its wealth of raven hair, gently
down upon his shoulders. For a moment,
the olden love-kindled to newness of strength
in Melville's bosom, and he pressed his
lips to hers in one long, burning kiss.

Soon however, the shadow darkened his
brow again, and the clasp of his arm about
her waist relaxed with the deep burning
guiltiness of her sin stained spirit, and his
purer nature shrank from her caresses.

"Horstense," he at last murmured, "we
must part."

She sprang up like a frightened ante-
lope and stood cowering before him.—
"You have grown weary of me," she mur-
mured inquiringly.

"No reply was needed, for the cold stern
look of his eye was enough.

"For this," she half whispered, as if to
herself, for this I have loved you, for this
I have left all, and sunk myself beneath
a weight which nothing can remove—"This
well."

She trod back and forth, athwart the
tent, clutching at the yellow sunbeam,
with a strange, wild laugh, that rang
harshly on the air, and she passed
out through the grove of palms from sight.
The stars were going to their places in
the sky, when he came again, and the
moon shed a glorious light over all the
earth.

With the tent, all was unchanged, Sul-
tana lay on the ground by the door, but
his mistress had gone, and in the sand be-
side him, was the imprint of her small
sandals. It looked lonely to Melville for
a moment, but a weight seemed removed
from his spirit, and when he threw himself
on the couch of lion's skin, his heart was
lighter than it had been for years.

Three months fled away, and in the
hustle and tumult of war, Horstense Hamil-
ton had almost ceased to be a portion of
memory with Colonel Melville.

Fame was crowning his brow with lau-
rels, and honors were thickly circling about
him, dearly bought; truthless, and with
many a wound.

"Was the day of the battle, a day that
covered India's plain with the blood of her
children and stretched many an English-
man dead on her bosom, offerings on the
great altar of the god of war. Amid the
thunderings of cannon, the shrieks of
wounded men, and the fearful neighing of
affrightened steeds, the carnage went on,
and in the thickest of the fight, the toss-
ing plume and gleaming epaulet of Col.
Melville was ever conspicuous.

Day was drawing to a close. By his
side all day, a tall slender form had been
battling against hosts, and more than once,
had the trusty blade of the stranger,
shielded the breast of the commander.—
Now as the day drew near its waning,
his feet staggered almost momentarily, and
his arm, more than once, dropped to his

side in very weariness. Still he pressed
closer and closer to the form of Col. Mel-
ville, and when he saw a host of natives
with pointed javelins nearing his beloved
commander a deep flush crimsoned his
face. Suddenly with a lightning move-
ment he sprang immediately before the
officer, and in an instant a javelin entered
his breast.

Brave youth, cried Melville, as he
caught the falling body in his arms, you
have saved my life.

"Thank Heaven," came from the pale
lips of the dying stranger, and with one
convulsive tremor he fell back lifeless.

The sound of battle had died away, and
by the light of the gorgeous moon, Mel-
ville and a few brother officers, gathered
to bury the unknown, who had generously
sacrificed himself for another. Slowly and
carefully they moved the bloody vestments
from his bosom, to shroud the still form in
a military cloak, when beneath the warri-
or's garb, they found too late, the last of
Horstense Hamilton—twice a victim to her
Love and Devotion."

MIRIAM'S LOVE.

BY MEETA.

We were sitting by the fire side—Leon-
ard and I; he leaning back in the wide
arm-chair, and I at his feet.

"How can I hope to win her now?" he
murmured, looking down at his maimed
arm, with a bitter, defiant glance. "She,
with her glorious beauty, her regal pride;
so far, so far above me! Oh! my love has
so compassed me about with its strong
arms, has sheltered me under its shielding
roof, that I feel like an outcast—homeless,
lost forever."

I looked up at him, as he spoke, and
thought of the time when he had pledged
his troth to Miriam by that same, shining
fire light, when his manly beauty fell
about him like a ripe sunset, and when he
grasped, in his vigorous hands, such no-
ble pictures of the future. Now, without
even that future to call his own—poor,
maimed and useless, he had come back to
the old trying-place. Broken in health,
in hope, in fortune, and all more to be
deplored than all—not even rich in love.

"Leonard," I said, rising and leaning
my hand on his chair; "I am going now—
going to Miriam."

He started, and a flushed anguish came
over his still beautiful brow. He grasped
my hand convulsively.

"One moment," he whispered: "one mo-
ment, and I shall be myself again. I
cannot meet her thus!"

He bowed his face, and the light brown
curls fell, in a cloud, about it, concealing
the outward struggle. Then he raised his
head, and spoke calmly—

"I am ready now; I will release her
from that woe which cannot be otherwise
than irksome to her proud spirit. She
shall never know the agony it cost me to
give her up. I will meet her bravely—
like a man."

So I went out and left him sitting there,
his love lying, like a shattered vase, at his
feet.

I found Miriam before her mirror, ar-
ranging her hair. She turned her gleam-
ing face towards me as I entered, and it
was overflowing with love, hope and ex-
pectancy.

"Is it all cheerful and bright below
stairs?" she asked, quickly.

"Quite beaming," I replied.

"I am so glad," she continued, in a joy-
ous tone. "What a long journey he will
have, this freeing day! Oh! I am so
thankful that I am mistress of Ashburn—
proud, beautiful Ashburn; that I can offer
him a resting-place."

Her deep sleeping pride blazed out in
her dark oriental face, and flooded it with
glory. Alas! that pride which was to
crush such a great, noble love—such a
wealth of happiness.

I stood beside her, where I could see
her beauty in the mirror, as I have seen
the sun shine lying afar off on the hills.
Red, scornful lips, dark, prideful eyes;
rich, glowing cheeks, and waves of raven
hair, braided with gems.

"Miriam," said I, earnestly, "I should
like to tell you a little story, while we are
alone. Something that weighs upon my
heart, about—a friend of mine."

She turned and looked at me with a cu-
rious glance; then she said, cheerfully and
quickly—

"Oh, I understand; you are going to
tell me something relative to Lucia—that
friend of whom you used to speak."

I bowed my head in silent acquiescence.
Then I commenced, in a low voice—play-
ing with the coral with which she was
going to adorn her loveliness—"This friend
of mine is very beautiful and very proud.
Three years ago, she pledged her troth to
a brave, manly lover. He also was my
friend. They both joined hands, and
stepped together into life and the world.
He, with a glorious future stretching wide
before him, a hopeful heart, and a soul full
of noble aspirations."

"How like to him," murmured Miriam,
pride flaming out, again, into her eyes.

"He went abroad," I continued, "mis-
fortune came upon him, and that ripe, lu-
cious future turned to ashes in his grasp.
Still, he struggled on, and when he had
conquered destiny, and built for himself
another and fairer castle, he lost his right
arm, and became a crippled, miserable being."

The hand that braided those shining
tresses, trembled vividly. The face in the
mirror assumed a softened expression; the
eyes grew darkly tender.

"Broken-hearted, toil-worn, and grown
old with care, he returned to his old home.
He came to me, for he dared not to meet
that cold, withering glance of pride—that
scornful triumph of station and beauty, in
the face of her he had so worshipped, so
adored, with a love exceeding all things
in its width, and height and power."

premier in her heart? He, broken-
hearted and alone in the wide, pitiless
world?"

"She is a woman, I replied, 'her heart
is true and loving, but her pride has ever
been to her a second self. She fears the
world with its sneers and jibes. I have
promised him to go to her—to prepare for
this sad event. Miriam, how shall I coun-
sel her to act?—how deal with that super-
natural, overwhelming pride."

Miriam shook back the waving hair
from her brow, and turned her regal face
upon me. I was lighted up with noble
and womanly love; a deep, dewy tender-
ness.

"Tell her to go to him and pour out at
his feet all that depth of devotion which
lies, so rich, in the heart of woman. To
hold out her hands to him, and raise him
up, to stand beside her, on that high pin-
nacle of wealth and estate. Tell her that
in all the great heart of life, love is the
dearest throb within it. It is a beautiful
creation, and oh! not lightly to be dashed
aside."

I burst into tears; I pointed to the door,
and cried—

"Miriam! there is a despairing and heart-
broken man sitting by your fireside. It is
Leonard."

She started and fell backward against a
chair. The gush of imperial beauty flowed
away from her face and left it colorless.—
Then, with a firm step and graceful majesty,
she took my hand and led me out into the
broad hall. Down the great staircase,
and across to the door of the room where
he sat. Her brow was pale and calm, her
hand did not tremble within mine.

Still in the wide seat where I had left
him, the fire light shining vividly around
him, sat Leonard. He arose when he saw
us, and took a step forward into the mid-
dle of the room. I could have fallen down
and worshipped him as he stood there
with noble yet attenuated form, and his
great adoring soul standing on the thresh-
old of his eyes. He looked ill and sor-
rowful, but a conscious dignity of manhood
hung about him like a cloak.

Miriam leaned heavily upon me, and
now she trembled like an aspen. He took
another step forward and spoke to her.
"Miriam, I have come to say farewell. I
have come to release you from the ties
that bind you to this wretched and maimed
being—the shadow of myself. I am here to
give you up forever!"

His voice died away in an agony of an-
guish. He essayed to regain his coura-
ge and manly bearing, but his love,
omnipotent, supreme, loosened all the func-
tions of his heart, and he wept.

With one bound she reached his side;
with one wide embracing of her arms, she
made a circle of love about him; with one
burst of tears, she rained a heaven of light
and hope, and devotion into his crushed
soul. Through the veil of her jeweled
hair I saw her face lifted up in divine
gratitude, the lips moved as if in prayer,
the broad white brow wore a halo about it,
like a golden band.

I departed silently, and throughout that
happy day I repeated truly and earnestly.
"Of all the great heart of life, Love is the
dearest throb within it."

From the Richmond Dispatch.

GROWING OLD.

Mrs. Sigourney, the celebrated Ameri-
can poetess, has some beautiful and con-
soling reflections upon the subject of grow-
ing old, a subject which is a sore one to
people of a certain age. We make the
following extract:

"But, after all! what is there so fright-
ful in this little Saxon word *old*? This
collocation of three innocent letters, why
do they thrill the hearts of so many fair
women and brave men, with terror and
aversion?"

"Is everything that is *old* deteriorated?
What do you think of old wine? We can-
not indeed, say quite as much about that,
as these temperance times, as Americans
did. But I've always understood, when
physicians recommend its tonic or restora-
tive powers in medicine, it was the *old*,
and not the new. Ask the epicure to par-
take of new cheese. Saith he not, 'No;
the old is better. Does any one question
the correctness of his taste? What do you
say of an *old friend*, the best cordial of
life? Blessings on his smile, and on the
heavy grasp of his hand. What if he
does come, leaning on his staff? There is
no winter in his heart. He was brought
up in times when friendship was more
than a name."

"The vine more produces grapes when
it is young, says Bacon, 'but better grapes
for wine, when it is old, because its juices
are more perfectly concocted.' Very true,
no doubt, a wise man, was my Lord Bacon.
We see everything is not worse for
being old."

"Is it worth while to be so much shock-
ed at the circumstance of becoming old?
Is it a mark of excommunication from our
race? On the contrary, we have a chance
of finding some very good company."

"So, then, we to whom three twenty
years, each with its four full seasons fairly
counted out, pressed together, and run-
ning over, have been given, will no longer
resist the epithet, *old*. To this complex-
ion we have come at last. We will not
be ashamed of it. It is better to be old
than to be wicked."

Nevertheless, this getting old, this be-
ing called old, is a disagreeable thing.
To be sure 'it is better to be old than to
be wicked,' but then one can be young
and good too. It is true the old wine is
the best, but the wine of life does not im-
prove by age; it does not warm the blood;
one puts down the glass more willingly
than in youth. It is true that an old friend
is better than a new, and for that very
reason, we prefer the days of youth.—
Youth was our old friend; that was the
first: one we ever knew, and we do not take
readily to the new acquaintances, the gray
hairs, those snow flakes that tell of coming
winter. We would rather see the buds
and flowers, and hear the voice of birds."

Mrs. Sigourney says truly in another

portion of the article from which we have
quoted, that 'the old owe something to
the young,' as well as the young to the
old. 'If we find less courtesy than we
wish, let us show more. It becomes us to
be very meek and patient, to make amends
for our long entertainment at life's board.

'I had a beautiful dream,' said a bright
boy. 'I thought we children were all in
heaven, and so happy! By and by, my
grandfather came in frowning, and said,
'as he always does, 'Can't these children
stop their noise? So we all ran away.'"

All old people, however, are not like
that grandfather. That old gentleman was
undoubtedly a very disagreeable person,
even in his youth. Nor do we think that
the old should be very meek and patient,
on the grounds suggested by the amiable
authorities. Meek and patient they, as well
as men of all ages, should be, because
these are Christian virtues as well as true
philosophy in all periods and conditions of
life. But not because they ought 'to
make amends for a long entertainment at
life's board.' If they have been entertain-
ed at that board, it is not the young who
have been their hosts. On the contrary,
it is at their table that the young have

MOUNT VERNON.

Whose proud Potomac rears her crest
To kiss the feet of Vernon's laureled
There the Great Father laid Time's robes
There rests his urn sepulchred rudely
Gray pilgrims kneel from realms remote
And sweet Freedom wafts with lavish
Her blessings tender, to every bleeding
Draught union of the Mind and Heart,
Symmetric grace, o'er man, as Parthe-
non stood alone, "illustrious Washing-
ton!"
So grandly planned each fundamental part,
In copious details so elaborate done,
That generations yet unborn may say,
"All Ages seem combined to mould thy
day."
How few thy lackings, Parthenon of men!
And few thy ornaments, simple and se-
vere,
Yet draped in classic elegance, when
In purest light thy preeminence peer,
Not by the glare the ambitious only ken,
But "neath the rays of virtue shining
clear."
No Gothic Tower irregular and wild,
But Christian Graceness powerful and
mild.
What Gates of Brass unite the stranger
here
To turn with awe and contemplate his
dust!
What Mausoleum rises o'er his bier,
To sequester high the glories due the
just!
No civic guard, no priest, no vestal near
To smooth the turf and wipe away the
rust!
Draw nigh sweet countrymen, view the
spot,
Shall not the Nation guard this sacred
Tomb?
Her Warrior, Deliverer, Counsellor,
Friend,
Who living had not in his soul sought room
For self, nor sought reward, and knew
no end
To follow save his country's—this his doom?
A brow that scorned for kingly crown to
bend!
The moulded Echo of the World's heart—
beat
For Freedom, was he—tombless at your
feet!

AN EDITOR "VALENTINE INTO A FIX."
In Thursday's paper, says the editor of
the Petersburg (Va.) Express, we spoke
of having received one of these contem-
plable missives known as a "Comic" Valen-
tine, on which the sender paid the postage.
We almost wish now that we had said
nothing about it; for we have since received
something less than a bushel, on every
one of which we had to pay the tax exacted
by the P. O. Department, which, al-
though the amount on each one was small,
the sum total was considerable. We have
not much objection to receiving the ordi-
nary funny valentines, but we enter our
solemn protest against receiving any more
such as the one which came to hand on
Thursday, and that too evidently from one
of the fair sex. We will describe for
the edification of our readers. It was a
cut from that popular budget of fun
"Yankee Notions." It represented a com-
pulsory, elderly gentleman, with spectacles
adjusted on a very prominent nose,
assuming a most self-important air, inter-
rogating a starchy looking young man
—(who, it seems, had been soliciting the
hand of the old gentleman's daughter)—in
the following style:

Old Gent—So you want to marry my
daughter, hey? Well, you newspaper
fellows are always complaining of your
poverty now what can give her?

LITERARY SWELL—Give her, my dear
sir—I'll give her a first rate notice.

Now, this is "intolerable and not to be
endured." There is an old adage which
will apply in the present instance most
aptly. It is this—*you should never joke
on facts.* It so happens that there is some
truth in the above, and that fact renders
the outrage on our "feelings" the more
flagrant. How the matter got out it is
impossible for us to conjecture, for heaven
knows we kept it profoundly secret. We
suppose, however, that the—but never
mind—guess we had better stop here or
we shall commit ourselves.

PRETTY GOOD.—Old Rip Van Winkle
has generally sustained herself very well,
in the encounter of border jokes and wits
which have so long involved her with her
neighbor, "the Old Dominion," she is there-
fore expected to "come back" on the per-
petration of the following:

A good story is told by Gen. Bayly, of
Virginia. Never having suffered himself
to be done by that notorious character
Benjamin Hickman, who is very much
of a wag and a genius in his way, the
General was accosted by Beau on the av-
enue, the other evening, for a "quarter,"
and by way of persuader called for it in
the name of Old Virginia, and as a Virginian.
How dare you call yourself a Virginian
to me, Beau, when I know you to be a
North Carolinian," said the General.
"Now, instead of a quarter," I will give
you a dollar if you will never call yourself
what you are, a North Carolinian."
"General," replied Beau, "do you think
I would call myself a North Carolinian
for one dollar? No I can't take it."
The story, as I heard it, was told to a
member from North Carolina, which was
a part of the cream of the joke.

Dobbs says that a woman knows
nothing of magnanimity. If she invites
a friend to dinner, it is not to display her
hospitality, but those silver forks which
"cousin Isaac" gave her yesterday.

It is said that a pretty pair of eyes
are the best mirror for a man to shavo by.
Exactly so; and it is unquestionably the case
that many a man has been shaved by them.

UNITED STATES MAIL.

Post Office Department,
Washington, D. C., Jan. 12, 1855.

PROPOSALS for carrying the mails of the
United States from 1st day of July, 1855,
to the 30th day of June, 1856, inclusive, in the
State of NORTH CAROLINA, will be received
at the Contract Office of the Post Office Depart-
ment, in the city of Washington, until 3 p. m.
of 10th April, 1855, (to be decided by the 30th
April, 1855) on the routes and in the times
herein specified.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Bidders are requested to examine carefully the in-
structions, forms of proposals, &c., attached to
this advertisement.

5634 From Williamsport, by Flat Swamp and
Bethel, to Greenville, 23 miles and
back, once a week.
Leave Williamsport Wednesday at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Greenville same day at 8 p. m.;
Leave Greenville same day at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Williamsport same day at 5 p. m.;
5635 From Woodville to Durham's Neck, 6
miles and back, twice a week.
Leave Woodville Monday and Friday at
12 m.;
Arrive at Durham's Neck same days by
12 m.;
Leave Durham's Neck Monday and Friday
at 8 a. m.;
Arrive at Woodville same day by 10 a. m.;
Proposals for a third weekly trip will be
considered.

5636 From Greenville, by Ward's Store, to
Hamilton, 30 miles and back, once a
week.
Leave Greenville Friday at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Hamilton same day by 5 p. m.;
Leave Hamilton Saturday at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Greenville same day by 5 p. m.;
5637 From Hookerstown, by Bridge Spring,
Johnson's Mills, and Coxville, to Green-
ville, 36 miles and back, once a week.
Leave Hookerstown Thursday at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Greenville same day by 5 p. m.;
Leave Greenville Friday at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Hookerstown same day by 6
p. m.

5638 From Ocracoke, by Hatteras, Cape, and
Kennebec, to Chatham, 60 miles and
back, once a week.
Bidders will state distance and schedule
of departures and arrivals.

5639 From Head of Bay River to James Potter's,
on Crook Creek, 15 miles and back, once
a week.
Bidders will state distance and schedule
of departures and arrivals.

5640 From South Creek to Bay River, 9 miles
and back, once a week.
Leave South Creek Friday at 8 a. m.;
Arrive at Bay River same day by 11 a. m.;
Leave Bay River Friday at 5 a. m.;
Arrive at South Creek same day by 7 a. m.

5641 From Charlotte, by the Charlotte and
Poplar Branch, to Powell's Point, 25
miles and back, once a week.
Leave Charlotte C. H. Friday at 12 m.;
Arrive at Powell's Point same day by 6
p. m.

5642 From Powell's Point Saturday at 8 a. m.;
Arrive at Currituck C. H. same day by
2 p. m.

5643 From Powell's Point, by Nag's Head, to
Roanoke Island, 30 miles and back,
once a week.
Leave Powell's Point Monday at 8 a. m.;
Arrive at Roanoke Island same day by 6
p. m.

5644 From Roanoke Tuesday at 8 a. m.;
Arrive at Powell's Point same day by 6
p. m.

5645 From Pungo Creek to North Creek, 9
miles and back, once a week.
Leave Pungo Creek Thursday at 12 m.;
Arrive at North Creek same day by 3 p. m.;
Leave North Creek Thursday at 9 a. m.;
Arrive at Pungo Creek same day by 12 m.

5646 From Creed's Bridge to Knott's Island, 15
miles and back, once a week.
Leave Creed's Bridge Monday at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Knott's Island same day by 12 m.;
Leave Knott's Island Monday at 2 p. m.;
Arrive at Creed's Bridge same day by 5 p. m.

5647 From Elizabeth City, by Camden, Smith,
Indian-town, Sligo, Currituck C. H.,
Greentown, Tull's Creek, North West
River, Bay, Hickory Ground, and
Great Bridge, to Norfolk, 70 miles and
back, once a week.
Leave Elizabeth City Wednesday at 5 a. m.;
Arrive at Norfolk next day by 12 m.;
Leave Norfolk Thursday at 1 p. m.;
Arrive at Elizabeth City next day by 8
p. m.

5648 From Nixonton, by Newington Creek, to
Elizabeth City, 15 miles and back, three
times a week.
Leave Nixonton Monday, Wednesday,
and Friday at 8 a. m.;
Arrive at Elizabeth City same days by
12 m.

5649 Leave Elizabeth City Monday, Wednes-
day, and Friday at 2 p. m.;
Arrive at Nixonton same days by 6 p. m.;
Leave Nixonton Monday, Wednesday,
and Friday at 12 m.;
Arrive at Elizabeth City same days by
12 m.

5650 From Middleton to Cape Hatteras, 30 miles
and back, once a week.
Leave Middleton Saturday at 1 p. m.;
Arrive at Cape Hatteras next day by 12 m.;
Leave Cape Hatteras Sunday at 1 p. m.;
Arrive at Middleton next day by 11 a. m.

5651 From Washington, by Bath, Pungo
Creek, Pungo, Leecheville, Sladesville,
Swan Quarter, Lake Comfort, Lake
Landing, and Middletown, to Fairfield,
127 miles and back, twice a week.
Leave Washington Thursday at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Middletown next Saturday by
12 m.;
Leave Middletown Saturday at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Washington same day by 12 m.,
and at Washington next Wednesday by
12 m.

5652 From Washington to Campbell's Creek,
13 miles and back, three times a week.
Bidders will state distance and schedule.
5653 From Washington, by Sladesville, Creek
and Durham's Neck, to South Creek,
36 miles and back, once a week.
Leave Washington Thursday at 8 a. m.;
Arrive at Durham's Creek same day by 2
p. m.

5654 From Windsor, by Merry Hill, Ashland,
Colerain, Sladesville, and Hich Land
back, twice a week.
Leave Windsor Wednesday and Saturday
at 4 a. m.;
Arrive at Merry Hill's same days by 11
p. m.

5655 From Merry Hill's Tuesday and Friday
at 4 a. m.;
Arrive at Windsor same days by 11 p. m.

5656 From Merry Hill's, by Potomac, Wood-
land, and St. John, to Roxboro, 30 miles
and back, once a week.
Leave Merry Hill's Thursday at 6 a. m.;
Arrive at Roxboro same day by 4 p. m.;
Leave Roxboro Friday at 4 p. m.;
Arrive at Merry Hill's same day by 9
p. m.

And at Newbern same days by 10 p. m.
Leave Newbern Monday, Wednesday, and
Friday at 12 m.;
Arrive at Washington same days by 12 m.
And at Plymouth same days by 9 p. m.

5658 From Plymouth, by Union and Seaport,
nong, to Columbia, 35 miles and back,
twice a week.
Leave Plymouth Thursday and Saturday
at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Columbia same days by 4 p. m.;
Leave Columbia Friday and Monday at
8 a. m.

5659 From Plymouth same days by 6 p. m.
From Columbia to Fort Landing, 20 miles
and back, once a week.
Arrive at Fort Landing same day by 12 m.
Leave Fort Landing Friday at 1 p. m.;
Arrive at Columbia same day by 7 p. m.

5660 From Columbia to Gum Neck, 20 miles
and back, once a week.
Leave Columbia Friday at 6 a. m.;
Arrive at Gum Neck same day by 12 m.;
Leave Gum Neck Friday at 1 p. m.;
Arrive at Columbia same day by 7 p. m.

5661 From Franklin Depot, by South Quay,
Gates Ferry, Wintom and Edenton, to
Plymouth, 108 miles and back, three
times a week.
Leave Franklin Depot Monday, Wednes-
day, and Friday at 11 p. m.;
Arrive at Plymouth same days by 11 p. m.

5662 From Plymouth, Wednesday,
and Friday at 11 p. m.;
Arrive at Franklin Depot next days by 10
a. m.

5663 From Plymouth to Gates Ferry, 3 miles
and back, once a week.
Leave Gates Ferry Monday, Wednesday,
and Friday at 2 p. m.;
Arrive at Gates Ferry same days by 3 p. m.

5664 From Gates Ferry, by Hookerstown, Woodville,
Elizabeth City, Fintonsville, South
Quay, and Deep Creek, Va., to Norfolk,
77 miles and back, three times a week.
Leave Gates Ferry Tuesday, Thursday, and
Saturday at 8 a. m.;
Arrive at Elizabeth City same days by 11
p. m.

5665 From Elizabeth City daily, except Sun-
day, at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Norfolk same days by 4 p. m.;
Leave Norfolk Tuesday, Thursday, and
Saturday, after the arrival of boat from
Baltimore, say 10 a. m.

5666 From Norfolk Monday, Wednesday, and
Friday, after arrival from Baltimore,
say 10 a. m.;
Arrive at Elizabeth City same days by
6 p. m.

5667 From Edenton, by Ballard's Bridge, Min-
tonton, Sunbury, Gatesville, Buck-
land, Reynoldson, and Somerton, Va.,
to Suffolk, 71 miles and back, once a
week.
Leave Edenton Thursday at 4 a. m.;
Arrive at Suffolk next day by 4 p. m.;
Leave Suffolk Tuesday at 11 a. m.;
Arrive at Edenton next day by 8 p. m.

INSTRUCTIONS.
Form of a proposal to be shown to advertiser
and completed by the bidder.
I, _____, of _____, State of
_____, propose to convey the mails from July
1, 1855, to June 30, 1856, on route No. _____,
from _____ to _____, as set forth in the advertisement,
under the authority of the Postmaster General, dated Janu-
ary 12, 1855, and by the following mode of con-
veyance, viz: _____ for the annual sum of _____ Dollars.

This proposal is made with full knowledge of
the distance of the route, the weight of the mail
to be carried, and all other particulars in refer-
ence to the route and service, and also after full
examination of the instructions and require-
ments attached to the advertisement.

Dated _____ (Signed) _____
The undersigned, residing at _____, State of
_____, understands that, if the foregoing bid is
accepted by the Postmaster General, the bidder shall,
prior to the 1st day of July, 1855, or as soon
thereafter as may be ordered, enter into the required
obligation to perform the service proposed, with
good and sufficient sureties.

Tax to be paid with full knowledge of the obli-
gations and liabilities incurred by guarantors,
under the 27th section of the act of Congress
of July 2, 1836.

Dated _____ (Signed by two guarantors.) _____
The undersigned, postmaster of _____, State of
_____, certifies that the above guarantor,
is acquainted with the above guarantor, and
knows them to be men of property, and able to
make good their guarantee.

Dated _____ (Signed.) _____
The sufficiency of guarantors on proposals
may be certified by a judge of a court of record,
also postmaster of the place, or by the Postmaster
General, or by the Postmaster of the place where
the office of the court-house or county seat
of each county; and at Chapel Hill, Davidson
College, Enfield, Fayetteville, Franklin, Gas-
ton, Goldsboro, Greensboro, Henderson, Ken-
nedyville, Milton, Murfreesboro, Oxford, Salem,
Spartanburg, and Wilmington, Yanceyville.

Conditions to be incorporated in the contracts to the
extent the department may deem proper.

1. Seven minutes are allowed to each interme-
diate office, when not otherwise specified, for as-
serting the contents of the mail, and for the route
there is to be no more delay than is suffi-
cient for an exchange of the mail bags.

2. On routes where the mode of conveyance
admits of the special agents of the department,
also postmaster of the place, or by the Postmaster
General, or by the Postmaster of the place where
the office of the court-house or county seat
of each county; and at Chapel Hill, Davidson
College, Enfield, Fayetteville, Franklin, Gas-
ton, Goldsboro, Greensboro, Henderson, Ken-
nedyville, Milton, Murfreesboro, Oxford, Salem,
Spartanburg, and Wilmington, Yanceyville.

3. On railroad and steamboat lines, British
and Canada mails, when offered, are to be con-
veyed without additional charge, for exclusive
use, while traveling with the mails, a commodi-
ous car, or apartment in the centre of a car,
properly lighted, warmed, and furnished, and
subject to the orders of the Postmaster General,
or of the Postmaster of the place, or by the Postmaster
General, or by the Postmaster of the place where
the office of the court-house or county seat
of each county; and at Chapel Hill, Davidson
College, Enfield, Fayetteville, Franklin, Gas-
ton, Goldsboro, Greensboro, Henderson, Ken-
nedyville, Milton, Murfreesboro, Oxford, Salem,
Spartanburg, and Wilmington, Yanceyville.

4. No pay will be made for trips not performed;
and for each of such undelivered trips, the route
therein the day of the trip may be deducted.
For arrivals so far behind time as to break con-
nection with the regular mail, the Postmaster
General will consider the grade of performance in-
firmed to such extent as he may deem proper.
For repeated delinquencies of the kind herein specified, en-
tirely satisfactory to the nature and importance of the mail, may be made.

5. For leaving behind, or throwing off the
mails, or any portion of them, for the admission
of passengers, or for being concerned in setting
up or running up an express conveying com-
mercial intelligence ahead of the mail, a quarter's
pay may be deducted.

6. Fines will be imposed, unless the delin-
quent be excused, for each and every violation of
the provisions of the act of Congress, or the orders
of the Postmaster General, or the orders of the
Postmaster of the place, or by the Postmaster
General, or by the Postmaster of the place where
the office of the court-house or county seat
of each county; and at Chapel Hill, Davidson
College, Enfield, Fayetteville, Franklin, Gas-
ton, Goldsboro, Greensboro, Henderson, Ken-
nedyville, Milton, Murfreesboro, Oxford, Salem,
Spartanburg, and Wilmington, Yanceyville.

7. The Postmaster General may annul
the contract for repeated failures to run
agreedly to contract, for disobeying the
Post Office laws, or the instructions of the
department; for refusing to discharge a
carrier when required by the department
to do so; for assigning the contract with-
out the assent of the Postmaster General
for running an express as aforesaid; or for
transporting persons or packages convey-
ing mail matter out of the mail.

8. The Postmaster General may order
an increase of service on a route by allow-
ing therefor a *pro rata* increase on the
contract pay. He may change the sched-
ule of arrivals and departures, without
necessity of pay, provided he does not sur-
pass the amount of running time. He may
also order an increase of speed, he allow-
ing, within the restrictions of the law, a
pro rata increase of pay for the additional
stock of carriers, if any. The contractor
may, however, in the case of increase of
speed, relinquish the contract by giving
prompt notice to the department that he
prefers doing so to carrying the order into
effect. The Postmaster General may also
curtail or discontinue the service, at *pro
rata* decrease of pay, allowing one month's
extra compensation on the amount dispen-
sed with, whenever, in his opinion, the
public interests do not require the same,
or in case he desires to supersede it by
a different grade of transportation.

9. Payments will be made for the ser-
vice by collections from, or drafts on, post-
masters, or otherwise, after the expiration
of each quarter—say in February, May,
August, and November.

10. The distances are given according
to the best information; but no increase
of pay will be allowed should they be
greater than advertised, if the points to be
supplied be correctly stated. Bidders must
inform themselves on this point.

11. The Postmaster General is prohibited
by law from knowingly making a con-
tract for the transportation of the mails
with any person who shall have entered
into, or proposed to enter into, any com-
bination to prevent the making of any
bid for a small contract by any other
person or persons, or who shall have
made any agreement, or shall have given
or performed, or promised to give or per-
form, any consideration whatever, or to
do, or not to do, anything whatever, in
order to induce any other person or per-
sons not to bid for a mail contract. Partic-
ular attention is called to the 28th sec-
tion of the act of 1836, prohibiting com-
binations to prevent bidding.

12. A bid received after time—viz:
3 p. m. of the 10th of April, 1855—
or without the guarantee required by law, or
that contains several routes in one sum of
compensation, cannot be considered in com-
petition with a regular proposal reason-
able in amount.

13. Bidders should, in all cases, first
propose for service strictly according to
the advertisement, and then, if they de-
sire *separately* for different service; and if
the regular bid be the lowest offered for
the advertised service, the other bids may
be considered, if the alterations proposed
are recommended by the postmasters and
citizens interested, or if they shall appear
manifestly right and proper.

14. There should be but one route bid
for in a proposal.

15. The route, the service, the yearly
pay, the name and residence of the bidder
and those of each member of a firm, where
a company offers, should be distinctly stated;
also, the mode of conveyance, if a
higher mode than horseback be intended.
The words "with due celerity, certainty,
and security," inserted to indicate the
mode of conveyance, will constitute a
"starbid."

16. Bidders are requested to use, as far
as practicable, the printed form of propo-
sal furnished by the department, to write
out in full the sum of their bids, and to re-
tain copies of them.

No altered bids can be considered, and
no bids once submitted can be withdrawn.
Each bid must be guaranteed by two re-
sponsible persons. General guarantees
cannot be admitted.

17. The bid should be sealed; superscrib-
ed "mail proposals, State of North Caro-
lina," addressed "Second Assistant Post-
master General," Contract Office, and sent
by mail, not by foot, or to an agent, and
postmasters will not enclose proposals (or
letters of any kind) in their quarterly re-
turns.

18. The contracts are to be executed and
returned to the department by or before
the 1st of July, 1855, but the service
must be commenced on the mail day next
after that date, whether the contracts be
executed or not. No proposition for trans-
fers will be considered until the contracts
are executed in due form and received at
the department; and then no transfers will
be allowed unless good and sufficient rea-
sons therefor are given, to be determined
by the department.

19. Postmasters at offices on or near
railroads, but more than eighty rods from
a station, will, immediately after the 10th
of April next, report their exact distance
from the nearest station, and how they are
otherwise supplied with the mail, to enable
the Postmaster General to direct a mail-
messenger supply from the 1st of July next.

20. Section 18 of an act of Congress
approved March 3, 1845, provides that
contracts for the transportation of the mail
shall be let, "in every case, to the lowest
bidder tendering sufficient guarantees for
faithful performance, without other refer-
ence to the mode of such transportation
than may be necessary to provide for the
due celerity, certainty, and security of
such transportation." Under this law a
new description of bids has been received.
It does not specify a mode of conveyance,
but engages to take the entire mail each
trip with celerity, certainty, and security,
using the terms of the law. These bids
are styled, from the manner in which they
are designated on the books of the depart-
ment, "*star bids*," and they will be con-
sidered as providing for the entire mail,
however large, and whatever may be the
mode of conveyance necessary to insure its
"*celerity, certainty, and security.*"

In all cases where the lowest grade of
service is believed to be sufficient, the low-
est bid will be accepted, if duly guaranteed,
in preference to a "*star*" or specific bid.

When the lowest bid is not a "*star bid*,"
and specifies either *no mode* or an *inade-
quate mode* of conveyance, it will not be
accepted, but set aside for a specific bid
proposing the necessary service.

When the bid does not specify a mode
of conveyance, also when it proposes to
carry "*according to the advertisement*,"
but without such specification, it will be
considered as a proposal for horseback ser-
vice.

21. A modification of a bid, in any of
its essential terms, is tantamount to a new
bid, and cannot be received, so as to in-
terfere with regular competition, after the
last hour set for receiving bids.

22. Postmasters are to be careful not to
certify the sufficiency of guarantors or sur-
eties without knowing that they are per-
sons of sufficient responsibility; and all
bidders, guarantors, and sureties are dis-
tinctly notified that, on a failure to en-
joy or perform the contracts for the service
proposed for in the accepted bids, their
legal liabilities will be enforced against
them.

23. The contracts will be substantially
in the forms heretofore used in this depart-
ment, except in the respects particularly
mentioned in these instructions; and on rail-
road and steamboat routes the contrac-
tors will be required to deliver the mail
into the post offices at the ends of the
routes and into all the intermediate post
offices not more than eighty rods from the
railroad or landing.

24. Present contractors, and persons
known at the department, must, equally
with others, procure guarantors and cer-
tificates of their sufficiency substantially in
the forms above prescribed. The certifi-
cates of sufficiency must be signed by a
postmaster at one of the places before-
named, or a judge of a court of record.

Postmasters at the ends of routes on
which they think the present mode of con-
veyance inadequate, will weigh the mail
each trip for six successive weeks on week-
ly routes, and three weeks on other routes,
and report the result by the 10th April,
1855.

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Postmaster General.
Jan 30—12t

GREAT ATTRACTION
IN
DRY GOODS,
READY MADE CLOTHING, &c.
A. H. CURRAN having just returned
from the North with a large stock of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready Made Clothing,
&c., offers them for sale on the most accommo-
dating terms.

He respectfully solicits the attention of his
friends and the public generally to his stock of
Dry Goods, consisting of Silks, Worsted, Calico-
es, &c., &c., Cashmere and Wool Shawls,
Cloaks, Lawns, Cambrics, Bleached and Un-
bleached Cottons, Flannels, Laces, Edgings,
Chemises, under Slaves, Silk, Linen and Cot-
ton Handkerchiefs, Hose and Half Hose, Gaiters,
&c., &c.

READY MADE CLOTHING,
Blue and Black Cloth Coats, Overcoats, Pants,
Vestings, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Drawers,
&c., &c.

GROCERIES.
Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, best New Orleans
Syrup, Tea, Rice, Tobacco, Flour, Candles,
Soap, Pepper, Starch, Mustard, Table Salt, Alu-
mina, Borax, Ginger, Powder, Shot and Gun-
powder, Beans, Cloves, Butter, Cakes, Sugar,
Soda, Soda, Soda, Soda, Soda, Soda, Soda,
Shoe Brushes, Nuts, Shells, Lard, Lemon
Syrup, Matches, &c.

BOOKS.
Spelling Books, Copy Books, Table Books,
Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Dictation,
1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th,
12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th,
21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th,
30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th,
39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th,
48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th,
57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th,
66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th,
75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd,
84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd,
93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th,
101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th,
109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th,
117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th,
125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd,
133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th,
141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th,
149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th,
157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th,
165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd,
173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th,
181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th,
189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 19